

Escape by FloydKitty

Category: IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe, Blood and Gore, Childhood Trauma, Disturbing Fluff, Disturbing Themes, Dom/sub Undertones, Drabble Collection, Electra Complex, Explicit Sexual Content, F/M, Fake/Pretend Relationship, Growing Up, Horror, Hurt/Comfort, Kink Meme, Monster/Girl - Freeform, Monsters, Non-Chronological, Other, Pedophilia, Playing House, Please Read The Tags First, Psychic Bond, Rough Sex, Supernatural Elements, Underage Sex

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Characters: Demogorgon (Stranger Things), Eleven (Stranger Things), Maturin | The Turtle, Pennywise (IT), Stranger Things Ensemble, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Eleven (Stranger Things) & Pennywise (It), Pennywise/Eleven

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Summary:

One-shots. In a universe where Eleven runs all the way to Derry, Maine.

Escape

Author's Note:

Yes, this is underage, explicit, and full of disturbing themes. Please be advised. Think of it as a look into what would be a very interesting albeit unhealthy relationship between two "monsters".

“Does it hurt?”

Eleven sat in the far corner of the moldy couch, knees up to her chin while Pennywise laid across the opposite arm of the sofa, head propped up on his hands. The glint of mischief in his unnaturally colorful eyes soured Eleven’s mood even more. Her lips had been pressed into a thin line, but when Eleven opened her mouth to tell him ‘no’, he snapped back quickly.

“Don’t lie to me, child.” Anger tore through the meaty walls of her heart, and she desperately wanted to spit in the glowing face that split into a smile before her. The clown’s smugness made him uglier than he already was. Eleven dug her nails into the legs she kept up, like bars of a self-imposed prison, and glared at Pennywise with all her might.

She didn’t need to say anything for him to understand the irritation spreading through her veins. It joined the ache in her lower belly, which wasn’t the least bit pleasant to begin with.

Still, she shouted when one of his large gloves snaked over her ankle and pulled her leg down. Eleven was scooted down the seat of the couch with a groan, dragged toward Pennywise until her pink dress was hiked up to reveal her cotton underwear. The original white had blended with a new red dye, directly from the core of her body as it leaked a frightful amount of blood.

Eleven swallowed as she watched the glint in Penny's eyes multiply until his irises were sparkling and his pupils were wide – he stared at the patch of blood with obvious hunger. Surprisingly, his eyes flicked up to meet her when she was nearly beneath him.

“I can make it feel better.” He had both hands fastened over her ankles, rubbing the socks and the Mary Janes off her feet merely through friction. Eleven paused. She blinked at him in genuine confusion, head cocking to the side. She'd turned Pennywise's begging down on multiple occasions; his pleas for sympathy while he went hungry, trying to entice her into allowing him some flesh to teeth into and gobble up. Eleven would rather have both arms and legs in this life than make this all-consuming monster happy for a few hours.

“...How...?” She asked, curious.

It didn't seem like Pennywise was going to ask if he could have one of her fingers this time. At least, the clown had never phrased his desire to cannibalize her as 'helping her' when he could help himself.

“Let me.” Pennywise proposed, his voice growing less human by the minute.

Those pupils were engulfing the white and green of his eyes, and he tugged Eleven closer gently so that his hot breath wafted against her bare legs. Eleven trembled beneath his exhalation, feeling those deep-seated pangs starting up below her naval. She knew what that feeling was, or rather what it meant. Those pangs were good. Eleven was surprised that she could experience it still, as blood spilled down her thighs and a hole of hurt punctured her pelvic bones. So surprised, and sorry when those pangs echoed but did not return immediately, that she conceded. The girl breathed in and out.

“Fine.” Eleven gasped over her next inhale, for Pennywise’s face was pressing into her crotch in record time.

She only saw the flurry of red hair between her thighs, but Eleven felt the motion of Pennywise’s tongue as it languorously swept over her slit. He hadn’t taken her panties off yet, but sparks invaded Eleven’s vision at the pressure against her nerves through the cloth.

She moaned low in her throat, realizing quickly that the blood had helped her become damp far before she’d needed time to warm up. Eleven bucked against Pennywise’s face, lifting her hips and forcing him closer. She knew as his tongue sped up, tracing her inner folds through the cotton barrier, that she didn’t want him to take his time. Not when the cramps in her belly were melting away like this. Eleven threaded one of her small hands through his hair and tugged at his scalp, using the leverage to rise from the cushions below.

Pennywise took the hint, and as soon as her lower back had lifted, he was there to grab her bum and keep her afloat. She moaned again, louder as the angle made her head spin. Pennywise's nose was right there, against her pubic bone, practically nuzzling her while his nostrils flared against her clit. Eleven's legs tightened and clamped down around his temples just as he huffed deeply, inhaling her bloodied scent.

The sound of Pennywise's heavy breathing and his smacking lips ghosting over the inside of her lips were disgusting, but Eleven wanted more. She squeezed her eyes shut, shivering in approval as he kissed her clit sweetly. He'd broken through her underwear then, and was tonguing the entrance of her hole with consideration she might've thought beneath him. It felt so good and Eleven couldn't imagine why, not when she knew in the back of her mind that she was still bleeding.

The girl cried when he broke away from her without reason, hips popping up while he lowered back onto the couch.

"No!" She yelped. "Don't! Don't stop!"

Pennywise's smirk was visible now, just above her belly. His buckteeth were bared into a goofy, yet still repugnantly mischievous grin. . Eleven wished she could burn him to a crisp with her glare, but her ire died slightly as he instantly crawled up farther onto the couch with her. Pennywise knelt above Eleven, hands on either

side of her shaved head. She registered the stain of blood against his already ruby lips.

“Kiss me, Ellie.” His nickname for her was spoken huskily, eliciting more fire inside her being. Eleven couldn’t rear back nor sink into the couch and away from the clown, just as she couldn’t set him on fire where he leaned.

“No.” She frowned, trying to lay still.

Pennywise returned her frown. “Yes. Yes, kiss me.”

She snarled up at him, slapping a hand against one of his arms.

“No!”

Her efforts were in vein as the clown dove down, pressing their noses together and making Eleven go cross-eyed as she tried to keep her eyes on his. His upper body was taut against hers, so that they were chest to chest. The faint tingling in her chest, a sign of her breasts beginning to grow from the mere buds they’d become, deepened with the weight of the man-like being on top of her.

“You... You’re gross.” She fumbled, shoulders back. “There’s blood...!”

“It’s yours.” Pennywise reasoned. “Yours, and no one else’s. It tastes good, promise.”

Eleven closed her mouth firmly as the clown slowly moved, tipping her head back into the pad below them. He was speaking against her lips soon, ghosting over her mouth just as he had her slit.

“It tastes so good, sweet girl. Let me share it with you.” He hissed.

Pennywise didn’t wait before their lips met, before trying to slip his tongue into her mouth. Eleven struggled, for the monster was finally slotting his hips between hers and that delectable friction from before was returning. It wasn’t as skillfully made as when Pennywise had been licking her, but the pain of her cramps had been stunted once again. Eleven couldn’t have admitted it out loud if she’d wanted to, but she was grateful.

When he ground into her, Eleven reciprocated willingly, crying into the hollow of his mouth and furiously springing into his clutches once more. She reveled in how Pennywise ravaged her mouth just as well as he’d ravaged her folds, and shook when he groaned against her, hands running down the length of her sides in ecstasy. The blood from her body was a sharp tang against the sugary saliva that Pennywise deigned to share with her, but it wasn’t as bad as she’d imagined. She opened her mouth wide, and kept it open when his crushing lips disappeared he was gazing at her with drunken orange eyes.

“Pretty girl, pretty Ellie.” He whispered, reaching over to curve his thumb against her swollen, red lip. “Pretty... Pretty girl... no. Beautiful, now. Beautiful Earthwoman.”